

## CARACAS AND ITS CLIMATE.

A Gentle Land Which Every Prospect Pleases.

BY WILLIAM AGNEW PATTON.

The traveller is most agreeably surprised on his arrival at Caracas to find a large and well-appointed hostelry, much superior in its arrangements and appointments to the average hotel ordinarily to be found in Spanish America. It is well ordered in all its particulars and provides, agreeably neat and clean, and is pervaded, moreover, by an atmosphere of ease and homelike repose, in all its aspects and belongings holding forth promises of good living and comfortable entertainment. Like all the larger houses in the city of Caracas the hotels of two stories only. Living as they do in constant fear of earthquakes, although there have been few of these calamitous visitations of late years, the inhabitants of the Venezuelan capital do not rear lofty dwellings or public buildings that by the slightest disturbance of the earth would certainly be thrown down, burying in a mass of ruins hundreds of citizens, involving the loss of many lives. I have said that tremblings of the earth have not been of frequent occurrence, although in 1813, as will be remembered, untold misery and the loss of 10,000 lives were caused by the great earthquake of that year of hideous memory; nevertheless the people, mindful of this horrible visitation, live in constant expectation if not in momentary dread of the horror of a like disaster.

Certain it is that the woeful forebodings indulged in by the victims of apprehensions and vague unrest interfered not one jot or tittle with my enjoyment during my delightful sojourn in the beautiful valley,

### A GARDEN OF EDEN

which has, alas, so often been the scene of geological disturbances and, more disastrous still, political revolutions and social upheavals. I can, however, in all truth and verily affirm—not in a spirit of bravado or reckless boasting—that I would as soon think of being deterred from visiting Caracas or of being warned away from it by the fear of earthquakes as I would by rumors of wars and "short-winded accounts of new broils." During our first night's stay in Caracas, in the valley of endless midsummer, we were somewhat troubled by the mosquitoes. The attacks of these pestilential visitors served to abate somewhat our enthusiasm at finding ourselves in the middle of winter sojourning in a region where we could enjoy the luxury of sleeping with all the windows of our apartments wide open without finding it necessary to oppress ourselves with the weight of extra blankets and coverlets. Having learned by maddening and sleepless experience the necessity for closely looking to the nice and secure arrangement of our mosquito nets, on following nights we tucked and pinned ourselves impregnable within our canopies, and thereafter slept in peace and comfort.

The city of Caracas, seated on the eastern end of the valley of the same name, or, as it is sometimes called the Vale of Chacao, is built four square, being laid out with great regularity. Its streets and avenues cross one another at right angles, forming blocks of houses into almost exact squares. So perfect and well designed is this arrangement that it requires but a glance at the excellent plan of the town, published by *La Opinion Nacional*, to enable the stranger with only the most rudimentary "bump of locality" to find his way about readily through all the precincts and parishes of the town. This may even the newly-arrived traveler do with certainty and without confusion, especially if he be a man given to town trotting and possessed of an eye quick to mark and a mind sure to remember.

### THE FACES AND EXPRESSIONS

of houses, the color and wording of signboards, and the characteristics of shops and the display in their windows. So, taking heed to know again the street corners and crossings he passes in his peripatations, he may "dander about" the city in search of sights and wonders, in quest of amusement or opportunity to study, enjoying the process of absorbing from his novel surroundings the knowledge that is to be gained by travel in foreign lands.

For my part, I enjoy nothing so much as turning myself loose in a strange town, provided always it be worth study in the matter of picturesqueness and color of the scenery, as well as the quaintness or even oddity of its people. It pleases me to try to find my way about without guide book or courier, unaccompanied even by a friend familiar with the nooks and turnings, or without appeal to passer-by or casual policeman. I carefully go my way at my own sweet will, reckless of losing myself, feeling assured that all in good time I shall "come out somewhere." Indeed, there is a pleasure in being for the time entirely "turned round" and apparently—no never is actually—lost; for, like the Irish sailor's marlinespike, which, by reason of being safe at the bottom of the sea, was not, according to its owner's way of thinking, lost or mislaid, so one is never hopelessly out of reckoning, but is always sure of turning up all right at the right time at the right place. Besides, the light-hearted gadabout can always comfort his heart with the "self-thought" that although he may not be sure in what direction lies his hotel, there can be no doubt that he is in Peking or Peking, for instance, or, as in my present South American experience, Caracas—"Big Indian not lost; wig-wam lost!"

But let me go on with my too long-delayed description of the city, which I hope may be graphic enough to enable the reader to form some picture of it in his mind. The streets and avenues (called *vias*) of the town are, as a rule fairly well paved, and although not frequently watered

### IN THE DRY SEASON

or swept at any time, are neither very muddy when it rains nor dusty when the sun is shining. Lying on a plain that slopes gently from wonderful mountains towering in the north, between the valley and the sea coast, toward the bed of the Rio Guaire, Caracas is well drained and abundantly supplied with sweet water which is drawn from the surrounding hills and conducted to the heart of the city through well constructed aqueducts, some of them many miles in length. It is comparatively easy for the people to keep their houses clean and wholesome, and this they succeed to a certain extent in doing, being aided in no inconsiderable degree by the vultures that are to be seen hovering in the air over the town. From time to time these soaring scavengers

swoop down to feast upon gruesome masses of garbage or filthy refuse that otherwise would be left to infect the air and breed a pestilence or become an offense to the eyes and noses of passers-by. This foul and disgusting feathered tribe are to be seen in thousands infesting the neighborhood of the "abatoid," where are daily slaughtered droves of cattle that furnish meat for the better class of well-to-do inhabitants.

The climate of Caracas is, no doubt, exceedingly healthy, as witness the well-favored appearance of all classes of people. At no time of the year, if the sanitary conditions of the city are strictly cared for, is there any likelihood of the outbreak of an epidemic or even of sporadic cases of yellow fever, cholera, or any of the other filth diseases common in countries lying near the equator, where the ignorance, indolence, or negligence on the part of the people to their physical welfare subjects them to attacks of terrible plagues and wasting sicknesses. The temperature of the valley is at all seasons moderate and only slightly variable. Even in January, the coolest, as well as in July, the hottest, of the month, when less favored cities—Hamilton and Winnipeg for instance—lie baking and grilling in a fervent heat, with the thermometer ranging from 15° to 20° higher than it ever has been known to register in the vale of Chacao, the climate of Caracas is delicious and wholesome. Prof. Ernst, the learned curator of the museum of the University of Caracas, is my authority for the statement that never in the course of many years has the degree of heat exceeded 84° Fahrenheit. To this testimony is to be added that of the

### OLDEST WEATHER-WISE INHABITANT

whose memory goeth not back to the contrary. Likewise at La Guayra, at the foot of the mountains, on the seashore, where the heat is not all times tempered by the genial influence of the trade winds, the mercury seldom amounts above 90°, and this too at a place lying almost on the isothermal line of greatest subequatorial heat. It is within bounds to say that at Maruto, a watering place three miles to the east of La Guayra, where the quality and gentility of Venezuelan resort during the fashionable seaside season, (December, January, and February,) the heat is never so oppressive as it is during many days in some parts of Canada. For nine months of twelve the blessed trades blow with unvarying consistency across the Caribbean, and although at sea level the climate is much warmer than it is among the hills, it is nevertheless salubrious and by no means so enervating as at places further to the east—Trinidad, for example, or Barcelona; or to the westward, at Puerto Cabello and Coro, on the Venezuelan coast. Situated, as had been already stated, 3,000 feet above tide water, surrounded by grand and lofty mountains, Caracas is remarkable for the geniality of its climate. As a winter resort, a city of refuge from the torture and trials of our Northern Winter it has—for so my experience of it teaches me—no equal on the American Continent. Even Florida and Southern California are not to be mentioned with it in any comparison that can possibly be made by those whose judgment in such matters is to be relied on as trustworthy or unbiased by prejudice born of ignorance or the hope of dividends from railroad stocks or profits derivable from the ownership of so-called winter hotels in the regions named. When desirability of climate is taken into consideration, and to it is added the fact that in Caracas and at Macuto one may be comfortably, yes, luxuriously, housed and provided for in the matter of food, it is passing strange that travellers from the States and Canada are not to be met with at all the street corners of the Venezuelan capital. Especially during the days of blizzards, chills, pneumonia, snow, slush, chill winds, and bitter weather; that is to say, from Christmas till May day, when living in Montreal is no more nor less than unadulterated heart-breaking woe and misery to poor humanity endowed with abnormal sciatic nerves, big toes, meteorological shoulders, delicate lungs, inflammable ducts, tubes, nares, weak, overtaxed or malformed membranes. Victims of dysphonia, clericorum, diphtheria, quinsy, apthæ, bronchitis, and other nosological phenomena, with supersensitive organs, would do well to flee from these torments and seek refuge in the mollifying air of the vale of Chacao.

Caracas is moreover a city possessed of more attractions than are merely climatic, and no one who has visited it will deny that it is a good place for man to dwell there, not only because of

### ITS DELICIOUS WEATHER

and glowing skies, but because everywhere in, about and around it there are beautiful orchards, groves, and plantations, quaint villages, flower and vine covered farmhouses, fields of living green and quiet pastures by the sweet waters of the Rio Guaire and other winding streams. There is beauty enough in all one sees in this charming place to fill the heart with gladness and content. In the midst of the city is the Plaza Bolivar (not Bolivar as I was taught in my early school days to pronounce the name of the liberator—but Bolivar—throwing the accent strongly and sharply on the second syllable, breathing the final "var" gently diminutively.) This square is what may be termed the heart of the town, and from it extends the four grand avenues that divide Caracas into quarters and regulate the system of naming the streets after the four cardinal points of the compass. The four avenues are, respectively, called Avenida Norte, Oeste, Sur, and Este; that is to say in our English speech, North, West, South and East avenues, and each has its beginning on that side of the plaza indicated and suggested by the name given to it. The four boulevards extend in a straight line from the square out into the country in a northerly, westerly, easterly or southerly direction, as the case may be. The streets running parallel to Avenida Norte and Sur to the west of those thoroughfares are designated by even numbers; those to the east of the avenues by odd numbers, Norte 1, 3, 5, &c., up to Norte 15, and the streets (called) crossing these at right angles are similarly numbered by odd numbers, if they be to the north of Avenida Oeste and Es, and by even numbers if to the south of them.

Avenida Norte (Northern Avenue) extends toward the foothills of the grand mountains of Caracas on the north of the city, towering between it and the sea. It ascends gently from the plaza for nearly three quarters of a mile to where the Panteon Nacional occupies a prominent site.

### ON THE BORDERS OF THE CITY.

Avenida Este stretches down a moderate descent past the Templo Candelaria, the

great church of the parish of the same name, out to the pleasant and fruitful estates of San Bernardino, La Gula and the Curdia Guzman, three beautiful plantations of sugar and groves of cocoa. Passing these it reaches the terminus of the Ferrocarril Central, the railway to Petare, a romantic and quaint town nine miles away at the eastern end of the vale of Caracas. From the south side of the Plaza Bolivar Avenida Sur descends into the Valley of the softly-flowing Rio Guaire passing in the rear of the Templo Santa Teresa, which stands on the northern confines of Plaza Washington, where is a statue of the "Father of his Country." Avenida Oeste is but one-third the length of either of the other avenues, owing to the nearer approach of the hills to the central plaza; it conducts one to a flight of stone steps that rise to the summit of Mount Calvario, in the midst of Paseo Guzman Blanco, and on the top of which is a colossal statue of El Ilustre Americano. Beyond this is the station of Ferrocarril. La Guayta Caracas, up whose tortuous track our train had climbed the afternoon of the day we left the sea behind us to seek the Mecca of our pilgrimage, Caracas, in its wonderful valley of delight.

Thanks to the activity and progressive spirit of Gen. Guzman Blanco, Caracas has in these late years become a really beautiful and picturesque city; it is embellished with numerous plazas, alamedas, public buildings, and statues. The streets are well paved, and nowhere can one find a more pleasant or

### CHARMING PUBLIC GARDEN

than the well-laid-out and carefully-kept Paseo Guzman Blanco, whence from the top of Mount Calvario, amid the shade of beautiful trees, surrounded by flowers and blossoming shrubbery, one can obtain views of the valleys of Caracas and Antemano that would baffle the power to paint word pictures of them of even the greatest master who wrote of the Dialectable Mountains, or of him who sings of the glories of the rose-strewn vale of Cashmere.

Just before sunrise on the morning after our arrival at the hotel, I stepped out upon a balcony that hung in front of my window, which gave toward the north, and from it enjoyed a wide ranging view of the mountains of Caracas. It was a grand and never-to-be-forgotten sight. The day was dawn-glowing—the quotation falls stoutly apt—There the quotation falls stoutly apt application, for the mountain tops were not misty nor obscured by drifting clouds, but distinctly lined against a gray sky that faded rapidly to warm and dazzling azure as night fled precipitately away before the face of day. The grand peaks towered 6,000 feet above the valley still sleeping in shadow, and as the sun rushed up the east, crag and pinnacle became suffused with a wonderful light that transformed rock and precipice into glistening ramparts and battlements built, in all poetical probability, of gold and precious stones. The light crept down the mountain sides illuminating the ribs and ridges, still leaving the valleys in darkness, the sun peeped over the low hills at the eastern end of the valley

### DAY CAME IN ALL ITS GLORY

—the white walls of Caracas shone dazzling white—the roofs of its dwellings put on a rich and mellow red of tiles that contrasted beautifully with the green of vines and overhanging palms and wide-spreading trees. It was a delicious morning, the air fresh and health-giving—deep in-drawn draughts of it exhilarated and set the blood freely coursing through the veins—a gentle breeze cooled and soothed the face and eyes; it was as refreshing to the whole body as a bath in a mountain brook in midsummer; the atmosphere was clear and sound-bearing; it was luxury to live; the world made merry, and one could not but feel contented on one of the gladdest and sweetest mornings of the whole long year of Summer. It was on an ideal May morning—a May morning such as English poets sing. According to my calendar, however, it was near the middle of February, and no doubt further north it was behaving itself as such—in Caracas it was all smiles and graces, gentleness, and geniality.

I was in the midst of my rapturous enjoyment of the feast that nature had prepared for my eyes when a rap at our chamber door announced the coming of John-Jean-Hans-Juan—he answered to all four names with equal alacrity. John was a "character"—he was born of African parents under the Dutch flag that floats over the island of Curacao—his native speech was Papiamentto, he also spoke Spanish, mumbled French, and said he "soik Inglesich" and speak English he did as well as the writer could understand him, which is to say not at all. During my stay in Caracas I practiced what little Spanish I could pick up on John, and John retaliated by setting me by the ears with his smattering of Papiamentto English. He was amused at my attempts to speak Spanish, and no doubt had sufficient cause. As for his hit-or-miss manner of drawing a bow at a venture to shoot at Anglo-Saxon words, it diverted me beyond measure, although I kept a grave face and tried, with all my ears and understanding to make myself "kenspeckle" of what he was trying to ask, or tell. The object of John's coming was to take away our boots to polish them, and to say inquiringly "How it briffass?" "Aqui?" "A present?" To me, in virtue of supposed superior acquirements in the matter of speaking the language of Sancho Panza, was left the task of ordering that meal which I had learned from Meisterschaf was called "Desayuno."

### The Duke of Cumberland's Claim.

Emperor Frederick's death probably destroys the Duke of Cumberland's last hope of recovering the large private fortune of which he was practically robbed by the German Government. Old Emperor William wanted to restore it to him, but Prince Bismarck overruled his desire. Emperor Frederick was determined that he should have it, and, had his life been spared, would doubtless have carried out his design in spite of the Chancellor. But now the Duke's righteous claim is not worth a cent on the thousand dollars.

The United States, not to be beaten in the competition among nations for instruments of destruction, has also found a new explosive, to which the name "emmensite" has been given. It is said to be twice as powerful as dynamite. Its inventor, a Dr. Emmens, thinks that with an appropriate gun he could by means of his multicharge accelerating cartridge of emmensite obtain a range of twenty-seven miles.

## FLOODS IN MEXICO.

Fifteen Hundred Lives Reported to Have Been Lost.

St. Louis, June 26.—A City of Mexico special says:—During the past ten days the table lands between here and Zacatecas have been visited by unprecedented rains. Every mountain rivulet along the Central railway for more than two hundred miles has been converted into a destructive torrent, and the valleys present the appearance of lakes. Many cities and towns have been inundated, and Leon and Silao have been partially destroyed. "On the 18th inst. the following telegram was received from Silao:—"It commenced raining heavily yesterday afternoon, and continued all night, raising the Silao River out of its banks, breaking at the north end of the town and passing through the streets with irresistible force and volume. Most of the houses here being adobe, they soon became saturated with water and began to fall. About 325 houses have been destroyed."

### HOMELESS AND STARVING PEOPLE.

The station buildings are occupied by homeless people, who are unable to obtain anything to eat, except watermelons and fruit found floating in the water. The rain has been general, and the whole country around Silao is flooded. Several dykes have given way. It still continues raining." On the 20th it was learned that the flood had been more destructive in Leon than Silao. On Monday, the 18th, the river broke over its dykes, and notwithstanding all efforts to check its course it made rapid headway and finally flooded the city. As the rain fell the river rose rapidly, its volume of water flowing into the town, gradually wearing away the foundation of the buildings, which commenced to fall as night came on. On Monday night the people, believing themselves secure from the flood, went to bed in those parts of the town where the water had not found its way. The steady downfall of rain into the extensive water bed of the outlying country increased the flow of the river, and rapidly extended its channel until over half of Leon was under water, and a loss of life commenced unparelled in the history of any of the great inundations of modern times.

### APPALLING LOSS OF LIFE.

As the buildings fell the unfortunate sleepers were either crushed to death or drowned. One whole night of terror followed. Men, women, and children fled to the streets in their nightclothes, some to find shelter on high ground, and others to be swept away by the flood. On Tuesday morning the rain was still falling. All night it poured, until Wednesday morning saw the lake surrounding the city undiminished in size, with steady rain disturbing its surface. In the afternoon, however, it ceased raining, and the waters commenced to recede. It is estimated that 700 persons perished. There is a strong stench from the heaps of rubbish that once formed houses, and one is led to believe that there must be bodies buried under them. There are also bodies still floating in the water. One hundred and eleven bodies have been recovered without moving any of the ruins of the houses, and hundreds of bodies must be buried under them. The destroyed houses are estimated at 2,000, and the loss at \$2,000,000. Many other towns have been badly damaged, but the loss of life is only reported from Silao and Leon. The Mexican Central railway was washed out in a number of places. The State of Guanajuato and the Federal Government are doing much to succor the victims of the flood.

### Two Tiger Stories.

Comedy and tragedy go hand in hand in Hindoo tiger hunts. An amusing example of the former is given by a traveler. A tiger had been wounded, but although one of his hind legs was broken, it made its way into a patch of high grass, and hid there. Guided by the Bheels, the elephant entered the grass patch for the purpose of driving out the tiger. The cunning animal allowed the party to pass, and then sprang at one of the Bheels, "a little, hairy, bandy-legged man, more like a satyr than a human being." The Bheel dashed to the nearest tree, and owing to the broken leg of the tiger, was able to climb out of reach. Finding himself safe, the Bheel "commenced a philippic against the father, mother, sisters, aunts, nieces and children of his helpless enemy, who sat with glaring eyeballs fixed on his contemptible little eye-ball, and roaring as if his heart would break with rage."

"As the excited orator warmed by his own eloquence, he began skipping from branch to branch, grinning and chattering with the emphasis of an enraged baboon; pouring out a torrent of the most foul abuse, and attributing to the tiger's family in general, and his female relatives in particular, every crime and atrocity that ever was or ever will be committed."

"Occasionally he varied his insults by roaring in imitation of the tiger; and at last, when fairly exhausted, he leaned forward till he appeared to be within the grasp of the enraged animal, ended this inimitable scene by spitting in his face." Sometimes the tragic element prevails. In one of these too numerous instances a man-eater, which for six months had been the terror of the neighborhood, had been traced down and was seen to creep in a ravine. The beaters were at once ordered off, as they could not be of service, and might be charged by the tiger, which had already been rendered furious by the wound. Unfortunately these men are in the habit of half intoxicating themselves with opium before driving the tiger from its refuge, and one of them having taken too large a dose refused to escape, and challenged the tiger, drawing it delectantly. In a moment the animal sprang upon him, dashed him to the ground with a blow of his paw, and turned at bay. After a series of desperate charges he was killed. The hunters then went to the assistance of the wounded man, but found that he was past all aid; the lower part of his face, including both jaws, having been carried away as if by a cannon-ball. The terrific effect of the single blow indicates the power of the limb which struck it. Had the blow taken effect a few inches higher the whole of the head would have been carried away. By a similar blow a tiger has been known to crush the skull of an ox so completely, that when handled the broken bones felt as if they were loose in a bag. The wonder at this terrible strength diminishes when the limb is measured. The tiger which killed the fool-hardy man was by no means a large one, measuring 9 feet 5 inches from the nose to the tip of the tail; yet the girth of the forearm was 2 feet 7 inches. The corres-

ponding limb of a very powerful man scarcely exceeds a foot in circumference. I have not had the opportunity of dissecting a tiger, but I have helped to dissect a lion, which is possessed of similar powers, and was struck with wonder at the tremendous development of the muscles of the forelimb.

—Good Words.

### Lord Woolsey on Artillery.

A great deal had been said about the moral effect of artillery. It was very considerable, but he believed the moral effect of artillery was greater than the actual or possible effect. He saw a number of drawings and statistics before him on the platform, and when he first glanced at them they looked fearful and demoralizing, but he confessed, when he came closer and looked on the other side, his nightmare disappeared. He spoke in the presence of a great company of men who had been subjected to the fire of artillery. It was a very uncomfortable and a very disagreeable feeling to hear those shells coming towards them, and to see them dropping in their midst. But those who talked about the awful and uncomfortable sensation which came over a man when under artillery fire, he would only ask if they had ever been under a close fire of musketry, because if they had not, he would tell them it was still more dreadful. If they got over the fearful excitement which the bursting of great shells gave rise to, he thought the sweeping and deadly fire of musketry was still more dreadful. On the subject of the moral effect of artillery while in action, he could not do better than draw their attention to what took place in the Indian mutiny. Our men were always looking round to hear the guns go off, for it was that which gave the men confidence. He had known the enemy fire blank cartridge long before they came into range, with the object of inspiring their own men with confidence and to strike terror into us. That was a good illustration of how considerable was the moral effect of artillery in action. There was one point, he was very sorry to say, had not been referred to in the course of the discussion. He confessed that he was rather astounded at this fact. When he came there he expected to hear a considerable amount of discussion, or at least a reference not only to machine-guns, but also to quick-firing guns in the future. He could not help thinking that quick-firing guns would play an important part in the warfare of the future. With respect to the machine-gun, he had a conversation with Mr Maxim at Hythe, some time ago. He (Lord Woolsey) said to him, "Can you produce a machine-gun that will pump lead into an enemy at 3,000 yards?" He said he would do it, and he had since written to say that he had done it. He said, "I will not only at 3,000 yards, but with great effect at 4,000 yards." If he could do that, there was a bad look out for artillery, as they could not make use of cover as infantry could.

### Anarchism in Chicago.

Mrs. Parsons, relic of the anarchist who was executed last autumn in Chicago, is making things lively, as becomes an orthodox anarchist. Driving through the streets of the city the other evening, the legends upon the carriage, "Let the voice of the people be heard," and "My silence is more terrible than speech," attracted a large crowd. The lady in vigorous accents addressed the police as "blue-coated murderers," and was finally arrested for breaking the law prohibiting the distribution of hand-bills in the street. Mrs. Parsons had been scattering hand-bills advertising her late husband's book on anarchy, thus fulfilling the mission of the true anarchist, which is to agitate for revenue only.

### Gambling Above Reproach.

The good work of colonization is still furthered in Quebec by the bad lottery system. A recent announcement sets forth that in the colonization lottery a piece of property valued at \$5,000, another valued at \$2,000, another valued at \$1,000, ten lots valued at \$500 each, thirty-five bed-room suites, a hundred watches valued at \$50 each, a hundred valued at \$40 each, and several other prizes, have been drawn. Lotteries and raffles are illegal because wrong, but when promoted for religious or national objects they are tolerated. It is held that in this form of gambling the end justifies the means.

### Sea Fisheries of the United Kingdom.

A return issued yesterday by the Board of Trade shows that the total quantity of fish returned as landed on all coasts, exclusive of shell fish, amounted in 1887 to 6,029,000 cwt., or say 301,000 tons, of the value of £3,779,000, which, with the addition of the shell fish, having a value of £324,000 makes a total value of fish landed on the English and Welsh coasts in 1887 of £4,103,000. The corresponding figures for 1886 were—quantity of fish landed, exclusive of shell fish, 6,412,000 cwt., or 320,600 tons of the value of £3,688,000; the value of the shell fish landed being £269,000—making a total value of fish landed in that year of £3,957,000; consequently, although there was a decrease of 383,000 cwt., or 19,000 tons, in the quantity of fish returned as landed, exclusive of shell fish, it appears that there was an increase in the value of the same of £91,000; the value of the shell fish returned as landed having also increased by £55,000.

### Death of General Sir Duncan Cameron, G. C. B.

The death of the above gallant general is announced. Sir Duncan was the son of Lieutenant-General Sir John Cameron, K. C. B., and was born in 1808. He entered the army in 1825. He served throughout the Eastern campaign 1854-5, and commanded the 42d Foot at the battle of Alma, and the Highland Brigade at the battle of Balaklava, and received the medal with three clasps for the siege of Sebastopol, etc., where he took part in the assault on the outworks. For his service during the war he was made a Companion of the Order of the Bath and an Officer of the Legion of Honor. He was appointed colonel of the 42d Foot in 1863, and in the same year proceeded to New Zealand in command of the forces there with the rank of Lieutenant-General. In 1864 he was made a K. C. B. He was Governor of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst from 1868 to June, 1875. For several years he has been colonel of the Gordon Highlanders. Sir Duncan was appointed Major-General in 1858, Lieutenant-General in 1868, and General in January, 1875.